

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes

Western

MAY

10¢

NO. 18



IN
THIS ISSUE:
**THE SPECTACULAR
SPECTACLES!**

CHIEF GRAY MATTER

NOT A WOODEN HEAD!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

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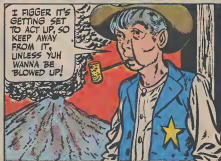
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



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GABBY HAYES WESTERN





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



B LUEBEARD DRAGS GABBY INTO A BARN
AND HASTILY GOES TO WORK...

GOOD THING I HAD MY BLUE DYE! NOW
I CAN GET RID OF THIS HOMBRE, AND
MAKE IT SEEM AS IF BLUEBEARD IS DEAD!



NOW TO SIC THE
TOWN ON HIM!

HELP! HELP!
I'VE FOUND BLUEBEARD!



HURRY! BLUEBEARD'S IN
THAR! SHOOT TO KILL!



D AZED, GABBY STAGGERS OUT OF THE
BARN, HIS BEARD DYED BLUE...

OW! MY
FORE HAID!

THAR'S
BLUEBEARD!
GIT HIM!

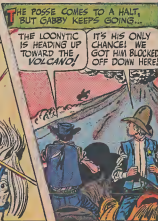
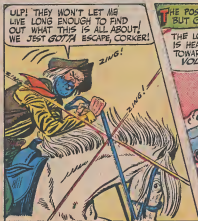
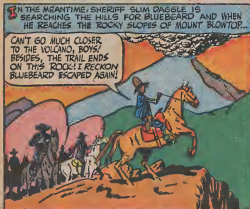


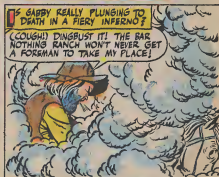
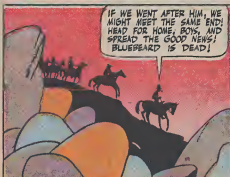
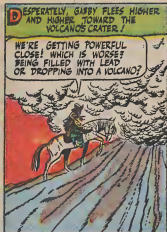
STOP SHOOTING,
YUH DADBLAMED
LOCOED IDJITS!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!
HE'S FULL OF TRICKS!
SHOOT HIM DOWN!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

TO HIS AMAZEMENT, GABBY SKIDS TO THE BROAD, GRASSY FLOOR OF THE CRATER!

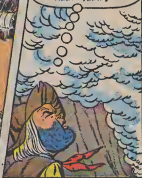
WHERE IN TARNATION IS THE VOLCANO?



THOSE GALOOTS LOOK LIKE BLUEBEARD'S MEN! THIS COULD BE HIS HIDE-OUT!



PURTY SLICK! THEY KEEP SMOKE POURING UP, SO FOLKS WILL THINK THE OLE VOLCANO IS ACTING UP AND KEEP AWAY!



THAT MAKES BLUEBEARD'S GANG SAFE-- BUT I AINT! SOON AS THEY SEE I FOUND THEIR HIDE-OUT, THEY'LL KILL ME!



BUT GABBY IS IN FOR A SURPRISE!

MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK AWAY AND CLIMB OUT



LOOK! THERE'S BLUEBEARD!



HIYAH, BOSS! ABOUT TIME YUH GOT HERE!

HI, BLUEBEARD!

HUH?



FIRST TIME YUH LET US SEE YUH WITHOUT A MASK, BUT WED KNOW YUH ANYWHERE WITH THAT BLUE BEARD!

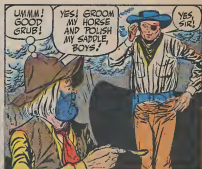


HMM... THEY RECKON I'M THEIR BOSS-- SO I RECKON I CAN HAVE ME, A GOOD TIME!

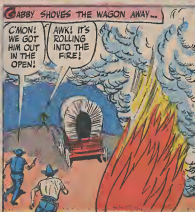
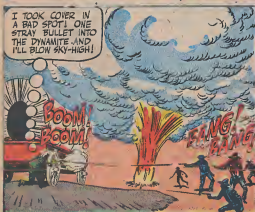
MEN, RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB, PRONTO! YORE BOSS IS POWERFUL HUNGRY!

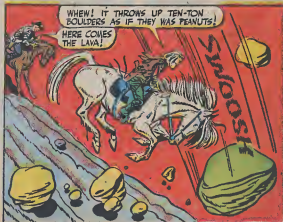
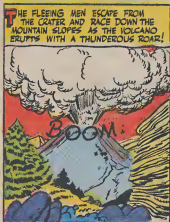
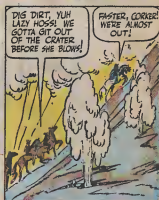
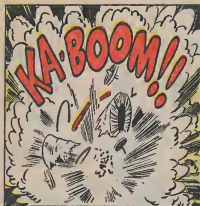
SURE THING! HOP TO IT, BOYS!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN







YOUNG FALCON

in **DEATH**
rides the
RIDES the
PRESENT!

ONLY SON OF THE LATE CHIEF OF THE MASSACRED TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, YOUNG FALCON HAS BECOME A LONE HUNSMAN OF THE FORESTS! WHEN, ONE DAY, HE BUILDS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR A LITTLE GIRL, HE FINDS THAT, INSTEAD OF HAPPINESS, HIS GIFT ALMOST BRINGS TRAGEDY AS... **DEATH, RIDES THE PRESENT!**

YOUNG FALCON HAS BEEN STAYING AT THE TRIBAL ENCAMPMENT OF SOME FRIENDS, AND ONE MORNING...

TOMORROW IS MY BIRTHDAY, YOUNG FALCON!

YES, LITTLE DEER, AND I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN I PROMISED YOU A PRESENT! NOW YOU RUN ALONG WHILE I TALK TO YOUR MOTHER!

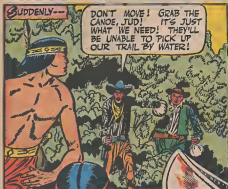
YOU ARE SO GOOD TO GIVE MY LITTLE ONE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT, YOUNG FALCON!

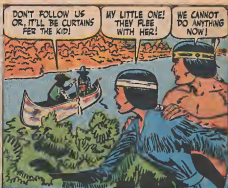
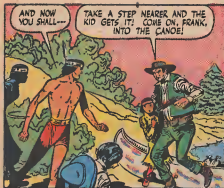
COME, I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU! IT'S DOWN BY THE EDGE OF THE RIVER!

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE---

IT IS BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG FALCON! LITTLE DEER WILL BE SO PROUD TO OWN A BIRCH-BARK CANOE OF HER OWN!

I FINISHED IT THIS MORNING! WE'D BETTER RETURN TO CAMP BEFORE SHE COMES SEARCHING FOR US!





AS THE CANOE ROUNDS A BEND IN THE RIVER AND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW---

THEY WILL SURELY KILL MY LITTLE GIRL!

THE WAY THOSE TWO WERE FLEEING, THEIR PURSUERS MUST BE NOT FAR BEHIND! STAY HERE, I'LL DO ALL I CAN!



AS THE OUTLAW'S PADDLE DOWNSTREAM, YOUNG FALCON RACES ALONG THE BANK, TAKING CARE TO STAY HIDDEN IN THE HEAVY BRUSH!



MILE AFTER MILE, YOUNG FALCON KEEPS PACE WITH THE SWIFT-MOVING CANOE AS HIS LEGS GROW TIRED AND HEAVY, TILL FINALLY---

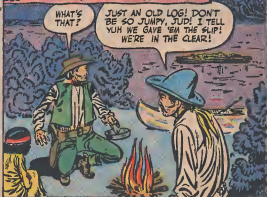
DARKNESS FALLS--(PUFF)--THEY HEAD FOR THE OTHER SHORE TO MAKE CAMP! I WILL WAIT TILL NIGHT IS DEEP!

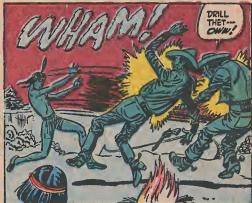


WATER, AFTER YOUNG FALCON HAS RESTED, HE SILENTLY MOVES INTO THE WATER---



MINUTES LATER, ON THE OPPOSITE BANK---





GABBY HAYES

and THE SPECTACULAR SPECTACLES!

PUT AWAY THEM
CONARNED SPECS,
HESTER! MY OLE
EAGLE EYES CAN
STILL SPY A FLY'S
WHISKERS AT A
HUNDRED PAGES!

TUT-TUT! WHO
CARES HOW YOU CAN
SEE? IT'S HOW YOU
LOOK THAT COUNTS!
PUT ON THESE
GLASSES!

Royalty visits Rawhide! Yes, the elegant Duke and Duchess of Hamaredd's are here for the summer, and throwing an open house tea party to meet their neighbors! Trust Gabby to give them a royal welcome with **THE SPECTACULAR SPECTACLES!**

DINGBUST IT!
AIN'T IT ENOUGH
FER ME TO WEAR
THESE DUDE DUDS?

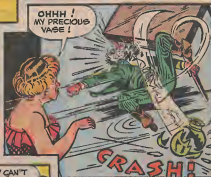
NOW, NOW, GABBY!
THIS EXTRA TOUCH
WILL MAKE YOU LOOK
DISTINGUISHED!

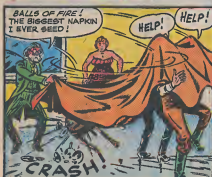
I'M SO GLAD I FOUND
THEM IN THE ATTIC!
THEY LOOK LOVELY!

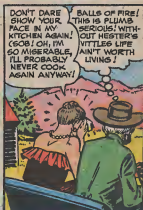
GREAT BALLS OF
FIRE! THE THINGS
I DO JUST SO I
CAN EAT HESTER'S
VITTLES!

NOW MIND
YOUR MANNERS,
GABBY! FIRST
IMPRESSIONS
ARE SO
IMPORTANT!

MISKTY PEE-COOLYAR
SPECS! EVERYTHING
LOOKS DIFFERENT!

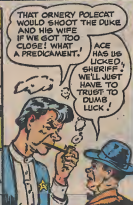


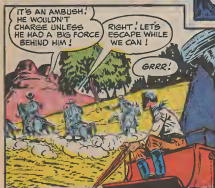




MEANWHILE, ACE KARNS ABRUPTLY ENDS THE TEA PARTY--









STAR WITNESS

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



THE courtroom hushed to a dead silence as Buck Desmond stepped to the witness stand. Slowly, Buck took off his worn gray Stetson, swore the required oath on the black leather Bible, and sat down. The prosecuting attorney moved slowly towards him, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Mister Desmond, were you in the town of Painted Gully on Friday, June 16?"

The rambling cowboy inclined his head. "Yes sir, I was—"

"What were you doing there?"

"I took my bay to the blacksmith's shop to have him shod. While I was waiting, I met some friends outside the general store. We talked for a while. Suddenly, we heard shots from the direction of the Painted Gully Savings Bank. We ran towards it!"

Every person in the courtroom was hushed, every ear listening to Buck Desmond tell the story. They all knew how, when the Painted Gully Bank was raided by the Grover brothers, it was Buck Desmond who had drawn his gun and attacked the outlaw gang. They knew, too, how all but one of the badmen had fled—all but Floyd Grover, who had been wounded by Buck's accurate fire. The other Grover brothers had disappeared, but Floyd Grover was standing trial for the attempted bank robbery.

Lined face, intent on the cowboy's testimony, the prosecuting lawyer listened to Buck's story. When he had concluded, the attorney asked, "Do you see any member of the holdup gang here in the courtroom?"

Buck looked around the room. His glance stopped. "Yes, I do. The man I wounded, Floyd Grover."

"Will you point him out, please?" the lawyer directed.

Buck rose and pointed to the outlaw, sitting in the prisoner's box. "That's the man. His brothers got away, but we nabbed him. He's the worst of the lot—the leader of the gang."

His grim face expressionless, the outlaw did not move as Buck stepped down from the witness box. Only his eyes were active. They followed the footloose cowhand as he moved across to his seat. It was this testimony, more than any other part of the State's case, that

would send Floyd Grover to prison.

The judge consulted his heavy silver watch, then looked up. "It's after five," he said. "The court is adjourned for today. Tomorrow both sides will have a chance to sum up, and the case will be given to the jury."

That night, Buck Desmond moved up the Main Street toward his hotel. It was a dark, overcast night without a star in the sky. As he turned down a side street toward his lodging, Buck noticed that a street lamp ahead was not lit. Strange, he was sure it had been lit earlier. Moving into the darker shadow under the lamp, Buck's ears suddenly caught a faint scuffling noise behind him—a funny, rushing noise. Suddenly tense, he began to whirl—but too late! From the corner of his eye, Buck caught a glimpse of a dark figure towering over him and of a club coming down toward him. He raised one arm in an attempt to protect himself, but too late. The blow smashed against his head, sending him slumping down to the ground, lost in a black sea of unconsciousness.

HOW long he stayed that way, Buck could not say. Dimly, he remembered being carried on a man's shoulder. Later he knew he was on a pony's lurching back. And as his senses began to clear, he knew that his wrists and feet were being tightly tied and that he was sitting upright in a chair. Slowly, he began to open his eyes. The slight movement sent a wave of pain racing through his head. Somehow managing to get them open, Buck lifted his head. He was tied to a chair, sitting in a ramshackle old mountain cabin. And standing before him were two men—men whose faces were strangely familiar.

"You've come to at last," one of them said in a cold voice. "I almost thought I'd croaked you. D'you know who we are?"

Buck inclined his head. "Reckon I do. Only saw you, once before, but I remember you. You're the Grover brothers."

"That's right," one of the men husked. "But there's only two of us. Just Sam and Ned. We got a brother, Floyd. But he's in jail right now. They're trying him—aiming to send him to the state prison. It'd be mighty hard to get

him out of there."

Buck said nothing. He was attempting to twist his wrists free from the bonds that were cutting mercilessly into his flesh. But it was useless. They were made of hard leather and were tightly drawn.

The bigger Grover brother went on, "It looks like it's going to be your testimony that'll send Floyd to prison. We aim to do something about it."

Buck looked up. "What do you aim to do with me?" he asked.

The big man grinned. "Since you're curious, here's the plan. You're going to write a letter to the judge and jury, telling them that your testimony against Floyd was a lie. You're going to tell them that you were paid to do it, that it was a frame-up. Then we're slipping the letter under the door of the courthouse tonight."

Buck started to laugh, stalling for time to think. "What good will that do?" he asked. "A letter isn't legal testimony. And besides, the judge and jury will know it isn't true. They'll throw it out of court!"

SAM GROVER shook his head. "Maybe," he said. "But it'll take them a while to make up their minds. They'll have to talk it over, delay the trial. The jury won't be able to go out for a few days to reach a verdict. That'll give us time—the time we need to work out a way to crack that little pen and spring Floyd." He indicated to a pen and paper on a table behind him. "You're going to write it and fast."

Buck Desmond realized that there was something to the plan. Certainly such a letter might not stand up as legal evidence, but it might confuse the judge and jury long enough to give the Grover boys time to free their imprisoned brother. The cowboy's lips tightened. "I won't do it," he said.

Ned Grover walked toward him, bone-hard knuckles folding into a rock-like fist. "I figured you might say that, and I'm going to enjoy this. Yes, sir, it's going to be kind of fun." Like a snake striking, his fists flashed through the air, slamming against the jaw of the helpless cowhand. Again and again he struck, until Buck's eyes clouded in a red haze. But still he muttered, "No, I . . . won't . . . write . . . it."

Both brothers began to pummel him sadistically, kicking him, and flailing with their heavy fists.

Suddenly Buck slumped forward, as far as the ropes would let him go. Sam and Ned

Grover stepped back, their cold eyes appraising him. "He's out cold," Sam said. "Let's go out for a smoke, until he comes to. We'll keep working on him. He'll write that letter."

When they had disappeared through the doorway, Buck's head slowly lifted. He had only feigned unconsciousness, hoping for a brief respite. Desperately, his thoughts raced. What could he do? If he were to write and sign the letter, he knew that the brothers would dispose of him immediately. He was too dangerous to leave around. No, he would have to get free in some way before they returned. But how? How could he cut his leather bonds? Was there anything sharp around? Swiftly, Buck's eyes explored the cabin. No, nothing! Then, he caught a flash of a pack rat's tail whisking along a corner of the room and going out of sight in a dark crevice. Pack rats liked to hide shiny, sharp objects, he knew. Maybe . . .

Carefully, the rambling cowboy leaned over to the side. Bit by bit, he let the chair tilt to the side. Finally falling over, he landed on his shoulder with a faint thud and held his breath. But there was no noise from outside. They had not heard the sound. Then, inch by inch, he worked his painful way across the floor toward the pack rat's hole. Reaching it, he thrust his hand inside. At first he felt nothing! Then, suddenly—something hard and smooth! He drew it out. But it was only a silver coin without a cutting edge. He tried again, this time with better luck. He felt something jagged, gripped it and pulled it out. It was a piece of broken glass and ideal for his purpose. Quickly, he began to work on his leather thongs. If he could get them off in time, he would be able to break one of the legs off the chair to use as a club. Then, standing by the side of the door as the thugs came in, he would have a fighting chance!

SO it happened! Ten minutes later, Sam and Ned Grover walked through the door, lips curling pleasantly at the thought of the punishment they were going to give the man who had captured their brother. Buck Desmond swung the chair leg twice, so fast and so hard that it just blurred in the air. Looking down at the Grover boys on the floor, he grinned. "I reckon that courtroom trial is going to have to be delayed after all," he said. "But not very long. Just long enough to add two more defendants to the list and to send Floyd, Sam and Ned Grover to the state prison."

THE END.

GABBY HAYES

TRICK RIDER

RELAX, GENTS! I'M STAYING OUT OF THE CONTEST! IT AIN'T FAIR TO MATCH AN OLE MUSTANG MASTER LIKE ME AGAINST SECH IGGERANT YOUNGSTERS!

STICKY BENSON HERE IS SHORE TO WIN ANYWAY, GABBY!

Gabby's busy tongue gets him into trouble again...but talking won't help him in the perilous task of proving he really is a TRICK RIDER!

TRICK RIDING CONTEST
FIRST PRIZE
\$1,000

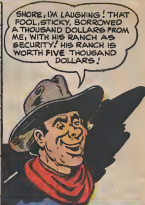
YOU'RE A POWERFUL BRAGGER, GABBY, BUT I RECKON YUH COULDN'T EVEN RIDE A ROCKING HOGG! HAW! HAW!

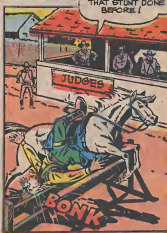
LOOKY HERE, STICKY! I COULD STAND YUH YOUNG 'SPROUTS ON YORE EARS!

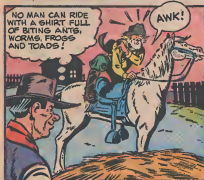
HUH! I'D LIKE TO SEE YUH DO IT!

AWK!

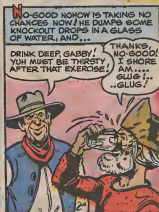
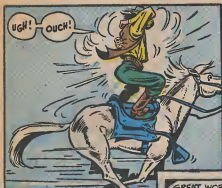




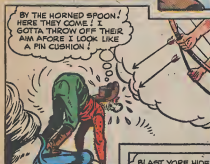




GABBY HAYES WESTERN







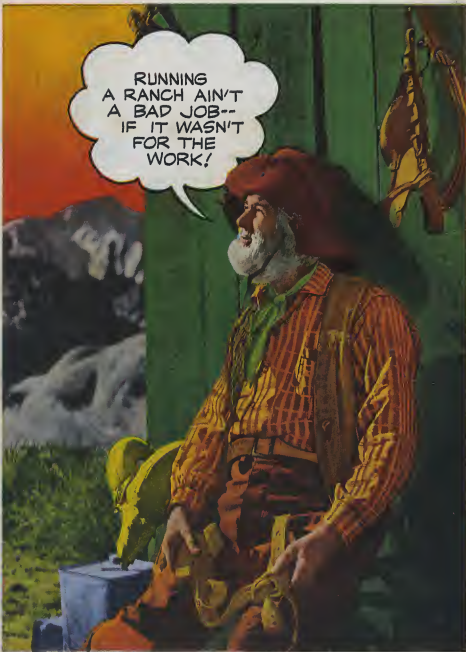


LOCO LEW

shaky
story



RUNNING
A RANCH AIN'T
A BAD JOB--
IF IT WASN'T
FOR THE
WORK!



A Fawcett Publication

EDITS BY
A Nonny Moose



MAY
10¢
NO. 18

A

KRAC

Western